



NOW THEN.

NATHAN GIBSON. MUSEUMS. ANDREW BIRD.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 48. FREE.

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MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.**

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Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

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Now Then is produced by not-for-profit social enterprise
Opus Independents.

Printed at Evolution Print.
evolutionprint.co.uk

We recycle all possible materials with
recyclingrevolution.co.uk.

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EDITORIAL.

This month we welcome a past Now Then artist who continues to refine his craft – Nathan Gibson. Nathan provided photography for our 34th issue back in January 2010 and has been providing the odd image for Now Then since way before then. Currently based in Leeds, his photos take a look at a diverse range of subjects, from protest to very personal portrait pieces and commissioned work.

We have articles on asylum, the Council's Fairness Commission, Sharrow Lantern Carnival and the election in the Democratic Republic of Congo, as well as a witty piece from comedian Freddie Quinne entitled 'Lock and Key', a piece on funding cuts at Museums Sheffield, a special Guilty Pleasures themed Filmreel page and an interview with violin virtuoso Andrew Bird. If you are a soup fan, take a look at our recipes and Cassie Kill's piece on the Grow Your Own movement in the Food section.

Get in touch if you want to write for Now Then or just fancy a chinwag – sam@nowthenmagazine.com.

SAM.

**NOW THEN 48 // MARCH.
CHAOS MAGIC WEIRDO.**

5 // LOCALCHECK.
Asylum.

7 // FAIRNESS.
What is fair?

9 // LANTERN FESTIVAL.
Magic on the streets of Sharrow.

10 // DIASPORA.
Perspectives on post-election Democratic Republic of Congo.

12 // FOOD.
Grow Your Own / Recipes.

17 // LOCK AND KEY.
A look at one night stand culture.

18 // MUSEUMS.
England's fourth largest city deserves better.

20 // WORDLIFE.
Joe Kriss / Rebekah Buckman / Ross Sutherland.

31 // NATHAN GIBSON.
Pride in the process.

37 // SOUND.
Pirates of the Internet.

38 // LIVE.
Bunga Bunga / Riddimtion / Liquid Steel Sessions / What's On.

40 // ALBUMS.
Middlewood Sessions / Pulp / Scuba / Burial.

43 // ANDREW BIRD.
What's mistaken for closeness is just a case of mitosis.

46 // FILMREEL.
Guilty Pleasures.

51 // OPUS IN 2012.
Coming this year from the Now Then family.



LOCALCHECK.

ASYLUM.
HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

Imagine for a moment that you live far from the cosy comforts of Sheffield and that brutal forces of control dominate daily life.

Disappearances, beatings and torture are common, by the government or some patriarchal warlord who objects to your views, appearance, sexuality, religion - or perhaps just wants power over you, or the land you live on. Persecution on a biblical scale has existed through history, from Herod to Hitler, Stalin to Mugabi. It remains the grim reality in many parts of the world. Rather than risk being dumped in a shallow grave, a brave few go into exile. Mostly this means escaping to a neighbouring country, but even Sheffield has people from places like Afghanistan, Congo, Iran, Iraq, Somalia and Zimbabwe.

Here, seeking sanctuary means a tedious wait for legal wheels to grind, typically amounting to a tenth of a life-span spent in agonising limbo. Legal advice can be minimal and poor quality; working is illegal; life is cold and lonely; racist harassment and media demonisation are common. Add to this, worries for friends and family left behind, post-traumatic stress, perhaps shame at having left, fear of further danger from government spies or assassins, and of being deported. It's no surprise that stress, depression and even suicide can be the result. Asylum seekers in Italy describe themselves as 'living ghosts'.

In this bleak situation there is no choice of where to live, so how would it be to find prison guards as your landlords? A growing howl of protest is rising at our government's proposal to name three preferred bidders for such housing contracts. These are, predictably, close cronies among the corporations - Serco, Reliance, and the worst of all, G4S (the name is derived from its earlier gangland-style title, Group 4 Security). With its sinister mission statement of 'Securing your world', G4S uses Bahrain as a haven for tax evasion and avoidance. Its octopus-like tentacles guard prisons, government buildings and industries from South Africa to Afghanistan. It has swelled to become the world's largest private security army.

G4S lost Australian government contracts through the appalling death, by heat exposure, of a famous Aboriginal elder while being transported in a van with faulty air conditioning. It lost the UK contract for deporting asylum seekers following reported abuse and the death of an Angolan asylum seeker in 2010. The guards face criminal charges. A Kenyan detainee died at G4S's Oakington Detention Centre near Cambridge, partly through gross neglect of his medical condition. There are hundreds of cases of alleged physical assault, racial abuse and violent restraint techniques in G4S-run detention centres, but G4S is allowed to 'investigate itself' under UK law. The detention centres have high rates of suicide, self-harm, hunger strikes and appalling levels of mental and physical illness.

Now asylum seekers in Yorkshire and Humberside may face G4S as their landlord through sub-contractor United Property Management. Housing contracts worth millions would be slashed by shifting contracts from local authorities or voluntary sector providers to a huge capitalist profit-making enterprise, cutting costs by lowering standards. Asylum seekers do not deserve prison guards as their landlords, nor the resulting disruption to their lives. They are not criminals, but ordinary people seeking sanctuary under international treaties. Tax-payers should expect prison management, security and social housing to be totally accountable to Parliament. G4S is not a social landlord, it is a security force.

Thank goodness some people in Sheffield are prepared to stand on the side of the vulnerable. South Yorkshire Migration and Asylum Action Group (SYMAAG), unfunded and run by over-worked activists, is leading the charge. Having built up a huge body of experience and research, they are leading a regional demonstration in Sheffield in early March 2012, aiming to stop this hand-over to the vampire corporations. Resistance works. Effective campaigns have prevented this happening elsewhere. Local council involvement provides such services with more humanity and accountability than the private sector ever could.

Keep an eye on what is happening if you care at all about people isolated and suffering among us. OpenDemocracy and Corporate Watch publish online information about G4S. Alt-Sheff's 'Links' tab has an Asylum/Refugee section detailing several great organisations working for humanity in the treatment of asylum seekers in Sheffield - groups like SYMAAG, Campaign to Defend Asylum Seekers, City of Sanctuary, Northern Refugee Centre, ASSIST and RASAG IT club. Turn out for the protests and offer help if you can. Degrading people's living conditions seems to be the drive behind so much of the government's actions. Let's fight this new threat. Helping others is a basic human instinct; feeling safe is a basic human need.

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FAIRNESS.

WHAT IS FAIR? JASON LEMAN.

For politicians, promising to make things “fairer” is the new baby kissing. You wonder what the alternative is. “Vote me and I’ll make your life a misery”, or, “Vote me and I’ll make it rubbish for everyone but my mates”. Well, it might be more honest, but instead politicians like to tell us they care about being fair.

All this banging on about fairness hints that something out there isn’t fair. My three year old thinks anything less than ten books before bedtime is not fair. Less than a kilo of raisins on breakfast is not fair. We need some decider of fairness, some objective moral guide that preferably doesn’t rely on Jeremy Kyle. Britain has a proud history of philosophical chin stroking on the subject. One of those chins belonged to Jeremy Bentham, who decided against becoming a chat show host and instead became a philosopher. Jeremy Bentham supported utilitarianism, which suggests that fair is what provides the greatest average happiness. That principle is good for the majority of people. The problem with averages is that things can still be unfair for some. The majority might be deliciously happy because the minority get cooked up for them in a big pie.

What is needed is for the rules to apply equally to everybody. We could go back to Jesus, who said, “Do unto others as you would have done unto you”. That’s great for preventing minority pie, but assumes that what is good for you is good for others. If my legs got burnt off by lightning and people kept insisting I use the stairs because “that’s what they would do”, then I might get a bit tetchy. For the Jesus rule to work we need some understanding of what challenges people face, or as Harper Lee put it, “You never really know a man until you understand things from his point of view, until you climb into his skin and walk around in it.”

Only problem is, we’re rubbish at it. A population that was brimming with empathy would be far less likely to go for the partisan bilge that bores out of pub conversations or party politics. As it is, we’re always hard done by and we love a bit of “they are getting a better deal than us”. It’s three year old fairness writ large.

Fairness is a bit tricky then. But that hasn’t stopped the council setting up a Fairness Commission with the aim of making Sheffield a fairer place. Fairness commissions are springing up all over the place. They suggest things that the council or businesses could do to make the lives of the hard done by better. In Islington they are exploring by-laws to prevent loan sharks operating and asking shop owners if they could let the space above their shops to reduce pressure on housing. In York they are pushing for more equal pay and proposing all-day cut-price travel for the disabled.

A fairness commission is set up by the local council, who then invite the great and the good to ponder tales of injustice from community representatives, monobrowed academics and the public. Their wisdom is distilled into a multi-point plan: a mix of council policy changes, cross sector working groups, sputtering initiatives and blue sky aspirations. All this will not change the world. It will offer a chance to do some stuff better.

But wait a second, we haven’t worked out what “fair” is yet. Fairness was fine when things would be fairer for me. For proper fairness we need to understand the lives and challenges of others, to get in their skin and walk around a bit. And not in a Hannibal Lecter kind of way. In fact, pretty much the opposite. To achieve fairness we need to accept that our own lives might be relatively comfortable. What we want, be it a new DVD or a pound of human flesh, might have to wait a while. If you need a carer to get through the day, maybe having my bin emptied every week isn’t so important. If you can cope with paying a bit more in council tax, my nana can get insulation on her house so she doesn’t freeze to death.

Sheffield Fairness Commission is inviting people to share the challenges they face in their lives and explore how stuff could be changed to make those lives easier and happier. Sharing those stories can be part of a wider conversation about what “fair” really is. You can submit evidence to the Sheffield Fairness Commission and attend public meetings.

sheffield.gov.uk/fairnesscommission
sheffieldequality.wordpress.com/next-steps/fairness-commission

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Herds of excited lantern bearers dressed in vibrant costumes from all walks of life, entertainers, fire jugglers, dancers and performers parading the streets of Sheffield to the beat of the samba drum. A spectacle of colourful lanterns of all shapes and sizes illuminating the night skies of Sheffield with pulsating, electrifying, magical ambience, voyaging to the Sheffield General Cemetery and wowing the people of Sharrow. This fantasy will become a reality come 1st April for all the attendees of this year's Sharrow Lantern Carnival.

Creative Action Network (CAN) have been organising and running this remarkable event annually for the past eight years and have had an increased number of attendees every year. Last year, over 3,000 people were dancing down the streets of Sharrow. Creative Action Network is a non-profit organisation aiming to bring the community together through creative activity. Mainly working in Sharrow, CAN is involved in Blend cook-alongs, Magic Lantern Film Club, Sheffield Independent School of Art and community events at The Old Junior School.

The theme for this year's Sharrow Lantern Carnival is Magic and this is certainly shown in the lantern making workshops, where all sorts of enchanting creatures, large and small, petrifying and dazzling, are being created for the main event. The workshops entice a wide variety of people. The Old Junior School has become a hit with families, whereas Highfield Trinity Church has attracted some talented individuals creating gigantic lanterns. The workshops are run by volunteers who are always friendly and willing to help, and all materials, from bamboo to tissue paper, are provided.

Workshops are free and everyone is welcome. Every Saturday until 31st March you can make small lanterns at The Old Junior School, South View Road or larger creations at Highfield Trinity Church Hall, off London Road from 12-4pm.

The Lantern Carnival will commence at Mount Pleasant Park at 7.30pm on Sunday 1st April. Setting off at 8pm when the sun goes down, the attendees and performers will parade through the streets of Sharrow to Sheffield's General Cemetery, where the fun will continue with musical entertainment and fire spinning. The carnival will be postponed to 15th April if it rains. It is run entirely by volunteers and is supported by The Old Junior School, Sheffield General Cemetery, Highfield Trinity Church Hall and Sheffield City Council.

Luisa Golob, Managing Director of CAN, said: "I have been part of running the Lantern Carnival for the past six years. Every year it makes my mouth hurt I am smiling so much. When else do you get the chance to dance down the street with 3,000 people carrying a massive bamboo whale?!"

For more information about the carnival or stewarding on the day, visit creativeaction.net or email creativeactionnetwork@googlemail.com.

DIASPORA.

PERSPECTIVES ON POST-ELECTION DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO.
SAM PARKIN.

On 28th November 2011, the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) held the second ever democratic election of its existence. Locking horns were incumbent president Mr. Joseph Kabila and long-standing advocate of multi-party democracy Etienne Tshisekedi, leading the main opposition party, the Union for Democracy and Social Progress (UDPS).

The run-up to what many saw as a pivotal event in the country's recent history was fraught with alleged human rights abuses and political repression, and the Ministry of Information closed down the four independent news outlets in the country, jailing their owners. Unsurprisingly, while it was reported that the majority of voters had chosen Tshisekedi, the 'independent' electoral commission, with the backing of the DRC's Supreme Court, announced Kabila as the presidential victor. Since then, NGOs assisting the electoral process, along with international observers, reports by the DRC opposition as a whole and revelations in the Congolese diaspora media, have all suggested that serious irregularities riddled the electoral process and that people's votes had largely been stolen. The Jimmy Carter Foundation unswervingly denounced the election as rigged, having sent numerous observers to monitor the election.

The results of the election have largely been accepted by the international community, but a resounding counter to this acceptance has been the post-election action of DRC diasporic communities. To shed light on the complexity of the current dynamics of Congolese politics, I spoke with several members of the Congolese diaspora in Britain. Those kind enough to speak to me were Djoly Mpanzu, founder of the Africetime Sheffield African community group and local political activist; Sedouh LeGrand, doctoral researcher at the University of Birmingham; and Kassa Makiese, a UDPS member currently in exile and seeking asylum in Sheffield.

Many questions have been raised in diasporic DRC communities around President Kabila's ability to rebuild the Congolese nation, in part due to the failure of his 5 Chantiers policy, enacted on taking office five years ago. Sedouh believes that through aiming to rebuild social and communication infrastructures the policy won the support of a substantial number of people in the DRC communities in the UK. However, besides repairing some of the main public roads in the Congo, he affirmed that people strongly feel that Kabila has done very little, if anything, for the country. Sedouh rather sees Kabila's ten year reign as characterised by despotism, extreme corruption and embezzlement of public funds, complete destruction of social institutions and values, political assassinations and kidnappings, systematic rape of women and girls, massacres and genocide and extreme looting of natural resources. Above all, indicators of human development suggest that the DRC, despite its wealth in terms of minerals and many other natural resources, is now the poorest country in the world. Kabila's reputation is far from rosy.

Despite extreme poverty, there has not been passive acceptance of Kabila's government. Ya Tshitshi (as Etienne Tshisekedi is known to his followers) has symbolically held his own inauguration ceremony – albeit at his residence in the borough of Limete in Kinshasa instead of the Martyrs Stadium due to security concerns – and maintains wide and loyal support. The ceremony, said Sedouh, was greeted with cheers in the Congo and the diaspora alike.

The relative political power of the Congolese diaspora was emphasised by everyone I spoke to, detailing innovative forms of post-election Congolese activism. An element of this lies in the politicisation of the Congolese music scene. Musicians in the DRC have long been instruments for party propaganda, with many illicitly profiting from aligning themselves with the ruling party. Soukous legend Franco is one notorious example. Kabila has similarly bought musicians' support, but now such activities are met with a fierce response from the diaspora. Djoly explained that Congolese bands make their living almost exclusively from the shows they play abroad, particularly in Europe. So if these bands are supporting an 'illegitimate' regime, why perpetuate their careers and political influence by paying to see them live? This logic has seen boycotts of Kabila-praising bands worldwide which have been remarkably effective in undermining the musicians' credibility. Sedouh gave the example of the London-based group Les Combattants, who have 'banned' all musicians sympathetic to Kabila from leaving the DRC. Moreover, "any other political, social or cultural events that Les Combattants perceived to have the potential to take the diaspora's mind away from addressing the real political issues which have caused most of us to be exilic communities in the UK and beyond" have been met with aggression. Some 113 people were arrested during protests over the election result in London led by this group.

To demonstrate the point further, Kassa pointed to the traumatic experience of Werra Son, from the band Wenje. Having crashed his car and subsequently broken his arm, he flew to Europe to get it seen to. But on landing, an enraged mob of Congolese protesters blocked every way out of the airport, chasing him all the way back into the check-out lounge. In startled desperation, he booked a flight to India for treatment, but was faced once more with a torrent of heckling from a marauding set of fans who would not allow him onto Indian soil.

Sedouh suggests that the actions and methods used by Les Combattants can be seen as a diasporic manifestation of the post-Arab Spring trend of African political activism. Social media and the internet have played a big role in facilitating boycotts and spreading awareness of local forms of activism amongst the Congolese diaspora all over the world. Both Sedouh and Djoly commented that now, unlike in previous generations, there is a national political consciousness in the DRC and that the government needs to respect their decisions. Kassa was keen to emphasise that although it's generally true that people in the cities are more educated and critical of the government, rural populations are no less aware of political life, and are actively engaged in the happenings of a vast and infrastructurally dislocated country. Sedouh warned that "the international community should understand this new dynamic".

This political consciousness, global activism, and frustration with the electoral outcome have resulted in diverse plans of action in the face of Kabila's continued rule in the DRC. Djoly fervently advocated an interventionist role for the UN and the re-assessment of the election results under a transitional government. Sedouh qualified this perspective by suggesting that consultation with the Congolese public was integral to a sustainable DRC. But Kassa, disillusioned with the role of the external agents in the DRC, saw the problem as needing a domestic solution. This, he claimed, relied on a level of mercenary activity to counter what is an authoritarian and militant state, suggesting there is "nothing you can do without weapons".

With a straight face tinted with regret, he stood up and walked to the window to signal the end of the interview. But on looking outside he suddenly burst into giggles; he had just seen snow for the first time. As he ran outside, searching for the English vocabulary to express his wonder at the environment that had enveloped his new home, I was reminded of how contextually different and yet inter-connected we all are.

Sam Parkin co-runs the [University of Sheffield African Affairs Network](#), through which this article was made possible. To find out more about anything referenced in this article, visit [africanaffairsnetwork.wordpress.com](#).

FOOD.

JOINING THE GREEN FINGERS BRIGADE. CASSIE KILL.

I have a confession to make: I have never successfully grown my own food. I've tried, believe me. Last spring, I diligently planted hoards of evenly spaced tomato seeds in carefully saved plastic tubs. I kept them on my windowsill and watered them daily. I was really excited when fresh green shoots pushed their way up through the soil. I nurtured and tended to them every day. I am still doing so, ten months later. The only produce I have generated is one small, green fruit, now slowly rotting on the windowsill as it refuses to ripen.

With this in mind, I thought I'd better draft in an expert to help me write about growing your own. I met with Ruth Hepworth from Grow Sheffield's Community Growers Scheme to find out why she thinks growing your own is important and what advantages it can hold for food lovers.

Hepworth gave four central reasons why we should grow our own produce: improved health, financial benefits, reducing our environmental impact and increasing our awareness of the food production process. She also explained that an understanding of the work that goes into food production can give us a reality check on the prices of high quality, local produce: "It's a huge job to produce food and we all think food should be really cheap, but if you actually grow it yourself you realise why it costs so much money. Actually there is a lot of work that goes into it."

Despite the hard work that food growing can be, it seems to be increasingly popular recently. Hepworth acknowledges that part of this is due to celebrity chefs and the vintage trend inspiring people to recreate the 1940s 'Dig for Victory' attitude: "I think that's created quite a fashion for people wanting to grow their own food, which is great because the whole thing about rationing and grow your own is a good ethos. It's amazing to grow your own food and we should all be doing it anyway, whether there's a war or not".

Food lovers have a number of things to gain from polishing their green fingers. Fresh, high-cost ingredients like salad leaves and herbs can be easily grown in a container, giving you a garden full of flavours to pick and choose from. Heritage varieties such as blue potatoes and yellow carrots don't just add novelty value to the plate - they are often much more interestingly flavoured and textured than the supermarket favourites.

Hepworth explained that what we are used to eating isn't always the best, but often has the lowest production costs and longest shelf life: "Iceberg lettuce is a classic example. To me that is the epitome of a tasteless, boring salad, but Iceberg has been bred to be solid and cheap. It can sit in your fridge for a long time, whereas if you grow salad you can grow all these different colours and varieties and tastes. Why would anyone choose the Iceberg?"

Here are Hepworth's top tips for growing some key ingredients from this month's recipes:

POTATOES

There are loads of varieties out there, which have different qualities depending on how you want to cook them. You can just sprout a potato from the shops, but it's worth asking local growers what works well in this climate and buying seed potatoes which are guaranteed to be free of blight.

LEEKs

Planted from seed in spring, leeks should be pricked out with a dibber into holes in the ground. They can be stored in the ground through the following winter, just being pulled up as and when you need one, which makes them a great, long lasting crop.

TOMATOES

Tumbling Tom varieties work really well in hanging baskets. To avoid using chemical feeds grow yourself some comfrey, which can be used to make a natural feeding liquid.

Grow Sheffield are looking for volunteers to help with their citywide Community Growers Scheme. Go to growsheffield.com or email cg@growsheffield.com for more information. You can find out about free growing workshops and more on their website over the coming months.

Gardenorganic.org.uk has a heritage seed library which you can access by becoming a member. Beanies (beanieswholefoods.co.uk) sells a good range of seeds and some seedlings.



LEEK AND POTATO SOUP.

Correen Robinson.

Serves 4.

4 leeks

500g potatoes

2 tablespoons of butter

2 cloves of garlic

2 tablespoons of parsley

1 tablespoon of oregano

800ml of vegetable stock (1 cube)

300ml of single cream (or crème fraiche)

100g of grated mature Cheddar cheese

Salt and Pepper

It's best to get the food chopped up in the order of garlic, leeks then potatoes to start off with, then get the butter and put it in a large pan. Turn on the heat and add the chopped garlic. Cook it in the butter for a minute and then add the leeks. After a few minutes, add the potatoes, oregano, salt, pepper and stock. Give it a stir, then whack the heat up until the mixture starts to boil and let it simmer for 25 minutes. Turn off the heat and leave it to cool for ten minutes, and then use a hand mixer or blender to make it as smooth as you want it. Stir the cream or crème fraiche in before heating again on a low heat and adjusting the seasoning to taste, then take the soup off the hob and dish it up. Mix in some chopped parsley and sprinkle the grated cheese on top to finish it off. If you are feeling thrifty, try freezing the leftovers in plastic containers for a rainy day.



TOMATO, PAPRIKA AND BUTTER BEAN SOUP.

Ros Arksey (nibblypig.co.uk).

Serves 4.

1 tablespoon of olive oil

1 shallot, finely chopped

1 clove of garlic, finely chopped

1 heaped teaspoon of paprika

6-8 large ripe tomatoes, roughly chopped

1 tablespoon of tomato purée

750ml of stock made with 3 teaspoons of bouillon (or 1 stock cube)

400g tin of butter beans, drained and rinsed

Coriander, roughly chopped

A dash of chipotle Tabasco

Salt and pepper

Heat the olive oil in a saucepan, add the shallot and cook until soft. Add the garlic and paprika, stir and cook for about 30 seconds. Put the chopped tomatoes and tomato puree into the pan and cook for five minutes, pour in the stock and bring to the boil. Turn the heat down and simmer for 30 minutes until the soup has reduced and thickened. If it tastes slightly bitter, add a pinch of sugar. Add the butter beans and cook for a further 10 minutes. Turn off the heat. Throw in the coriander and a dash of Tabasco. Season well and serve with crusty bread.



Maybe it's the lively atmosphere that makes the Mogul Room so special or perhaps it is the open-hearted service team that makes dinning here so worth while. The menu is unique and unparralled in sheffield. The food is both fresh and mouthwatering. The flavours are fused magnificently. Yet there is only one way to decide what makes the mogul room stand out, and that is to experience its charms for yourself.



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LOCK AND KEY.

**A LOOK AT ONE NIGHT STAND CULTURE.
FREDDY QUINNE.**

It's a freezing evening in February as I have the pleasure of entertaining a group of heavily inebriated students at a gig in Blackpool. Further down the road there is a nightclub, and I can hear the music from the 200 yards away that I am standing. The air smells of saltwater, chips and STDs in roughly equal measure. Stood alone outside, I smoke this cigarette as fast as my lungs will allow, praying that none of the audience inside will bother to talk to me.

About half way through my Marlboro Light, a man staggers his way towards me. I recognise him - he was at the bar during my set trying to chat up a disinterested custodian. I have nothing to say to him. Nothing whatsoever. Part of me wishes he will stumble and fall over, render himself unconscious and choke on his own sick. At least that way, I won't have to fake my way through pleasantries for the next three and a half minutes.

He walks straight up to me, yanks my head to one side, pulling my ear level with his slobbering mouth.

"Last year I shagged FIFTY women," he tells me.

He smells like a mixture of pot noodles and failure. His long tangled hair, poorly attempted beard and paunch little pot-belly add further weight to my initial scepticism. Such is my doubt for the validity of his escapades, I choose to ignore him altogether.

He grabs my head again, and this time turns it to face his. "Listen to me," he says, "fifty one night stands. FIFTY. All fit as well."

I'm forced to say something. "Ah," I mutter, "Well I'm sorry to hear that."

He looks at me like I'm completely mental. This clearly wasn't the answer he was expecting. He just stares at me blankly, a look of utter befuddlement strewn across his vacant bearded face. I realised he was probably expecting me to lavish him with gushings of admiration, offer to buy him a pint or be his friend. A handshake, a hi-five. Anything.

But in my mind, claiming to have sex with 50 beautiful women once and once only is an unmitigated disaster. That's 50 people you're never going to see again. What if one of those could have been something more than a fumble behind Greggs? What if one of those 50 was your soulmate? More to the point, if you have one night stands with 50 women and none of those bother to blossom into more sex, you must be a very disappointing lover. This situation is nothing to be celebrated. It is, in fact, a terrible state of affairs.

It's a curious thing how it's socially acceptable for a man to brag about how many partners he has had and be lauded as a Casanova, but if a woman does the very same thing she is lambasted as some kind of cheap harlot. But whilst we're on the subject of gender, consider this - if a woman came up to me who smelt of pot noodles and failure, had tangled hair, a poorly attempted beard and a pot belly and told me she's had sex with 50 people, I probably would have believed her.

When it comes to explaining matters such as this, I ask my dad. He's been on the planet much longer than me, and doses everything in an unpalatable amount of cynicism. I asked him about the difference in attitudes between genders on the reaction to having a high number of sexual partners, his answer was typically profound. "Put it this way," he said, "If you've got a key that opens lots of different locks, what you've got there is a master key. But if you've got a lock that's opened by a lot of different keys, then what you've got there is a shit lock."

**Freddy Quinne is a stand up comedian from Preston.
He holds apathy for those he doesn't know and
contempt for those he does.**

MUSEUMS.

ENGLAND’S FOURTH LARGEST CITY DESERVES BETTER.
CHELLA QUINT.

At the time of writing, Museums Sheffield has lost its Arts Council funding. Not the ‘We Wanna Do This One Tiny Cool Project’ funding. No, they lost Renaissance Major Grants Funding, which may as well be called the ‘Explaining Things to Kids via Awesome Projects For Free’ funding. You know, the stuff they do really well that makes us keep on coming back for more. To the tune of £1.4 million a year for the next three years.

Now, I’m a city girl. Always have been, always will be. Born in Brooklyn, went to uni in Manhattan, I’ve lived in Sheffield for over a decade. One reason I love cities is the museums.

Okay, I’m going to extend a metaphor to the absolute limits of its tensile and ductile strength here, so bear with me. If Sheffield is our house, the Peak District is the neighbourhood park. The city parks are our back garden and the museums are the bit of our bedroom where we keep our cool stuff. Maybe now it’s the study, or the playroom or the shelf above your desk, or the top of the telly. The book signed by your favourite author and the photo of your grandma in drag, your Pez dispenser collection and the Lego figure that looks just like your best mate.

When the pace of city life gets you down, poking around looking at all that stuff reminds you who you are and where you come from. It entertains you and cheers you up. You can invite your friends up to your room and have a laugh with them looking at that stuff together. The first thing you do when you make a new friend is show them your cool stuff. They can decide if they like you, and they will do, because it’s not the stuff they like about you, it’s seeing how enthusiastic and engaged you are with the meaning you give it, how your eyes light up with the kinetic energy of how it has shaped and affected you.

That’s what the museums are for - taking out of town visitors, taking the kids, taking ourselves off the grid for an hour. Looking at where we’ve been and where we’re going.

And we know that. We visit our museums all the time. But in January, Museums Sheffield posted the following on their website:

‘Yesterday, we learned that our application for £1.4m of Renaissance Major Grant funding, cash which has transformed the service we provide for the city since 2004, had also been turned down by the Arts Council.’

‘This comes at a time when local authority cuts, passed down from central government, are impacting badly on arts organisations. Our own local authority funding has been cut by 12% in the current year. The combined effect of these cuts means that Museums Sheffield’s budget for 2012/13 will decline by at least 30%. Large scale staff redundancies, major reductions in exhibition programmes and scaled down learning provision for schools/ adults are all now inevitable.’

‘We believe England’s fourth largest city, home to over half a million people and awash with creative talent and potential, deserves better. Visual art in Sheffield in particular is now grossly underfunded in comparison to the city’s potential.’

Sheffield responded with comments, letters, emails, phone calls, tweets. Local artist Pete McKee set up the Shefftopia collective to support the arts and protest the cuts, and invited everyone within the sound of his Facebook and Twitter accounts to attend a sit-in picnic at Millennium Galleries on Sunday 12th February. There were handmade murals and bunting, a sing-a-long, and crowds of adults and children rammed into the galleries. It was inspiring, lovely and there’s more where that came from.

We did right by our museums, making our feelings known. We’ve listened to Joni Mitchell, and we actually know what we’ve got it before it’s gone.

The programs and events that allow us to feel like the museums are our headspace are the very things that will have to be cut. These funds don’t keep the lights on or the doors unlocked, so they’re not essential, right? But they keep our lights on and our minds open.

The week after the sit-in, some Museums representatives met with the Arts Council, who have said there will be some transition funding to cover the next few months, and also discussed applying for a small amount of Strategic Support Funding in September.

Chief Executive Nick Dodd shared this on the museums’ blog after that meeting:

‘Any advances made in our negotiations with the Arts Council are in no small part due to the heartfelt, vocal support of the public, who continue to demonstrate the importance of the museums and galleries to their city. On behalf of the people of Sheffield, we and our partners will continue to do our utmost to secure the best possible museums service for the city.’

Come on, Arts Council, pony up. We need our headspace. If you do right by us, we may even invite you round to play.

Chella Quint is a comedy writer and performer based in Sheffield. She loves all the museums in Sheffield, but the Graves Art Gallery is her favourite.

**museums-sheffield.org.uk/blog
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Thanks to everyone who attended our events down at The Rude Shipyard and The Riverside last month. South Yorkshire's live poetry events are flourishing at the moment, with five regular monthly poetry nights in Sheffield and one each in Chesterfield, Rotherham and Doncaster. If you've never been, check one out and see what all the fuss is about.

We've got two poems and a piece of artwork for you this time. 'The Hunt' was the winning entry for the Rude Shipyard's poetry competition, and Ross Sutherland was our featured poet at The Riverside last month. The piece of artwork is by an artist called Jili Allen and is an excerpt from a book called Memories, recently published in aid of Maggie's Hospice Centre. All the printing and artist costs were donated, so the whole cover price goes straight to supporting the centre. The book features hundreds of pieces of art, including past Now Then artists like Mr Penfold, and is inspired by new pieces of writing.

You can pick up a copy at memories.subism.co.uk.

Joe.

Please keep the poems and prose coming to joe@nowthenmagazine.com.

WRITING MARATHON.

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As a creative response to cuts in vital community projects, as well as a tongue-in-cheek answer to the Olympics, River Wolton is organising a writing marathon.

Inspired by Natalie Goldberg's writing practice method, the day will be facilitated by River and other writers, with regular breaks as well as free massage and gentle yoga donated by local practitioners. Participants will raise sponsorship for Sage Greenfingers (sagesheffield.org.uk), which offers gardening and creative therapy for mental health service users.

THE HUNT.

I let him
start to find himself
in me,
the way you search for something,
blindly,
that's right in front of you.
and as the heart
must always have an object
of its affections,
I let myself
taste
the rainforest of his journeys
in the wine,
feel
the soft earth of the foothills
in his skin.
And for a moment
I thought I would find myself too.

But the search closed in.

And as
my potent scent,
and red fur
spurred his hounds through
the icy slip and crunch
of the fields,
The bellow
of the master's horn,
and the cries of pursuit,

I found myself
hidden
in the mauve swamp
of dusk-lit trees
a rust-coloured tail
bounding back inside.

REBEKAH BUCKMAN.

Winner of The Rude Shipyard's Anti Valentine Poetry Competition as part of their Cupids in Nooses Festival.

TWELVE NUDES.

House DJs always keep their hair short
so their heads can be easily cut from press-shots
then dropped onto fluorescent posters

and a thousand other reasons to be clean-cut and rhythmical.
To drip dry after the morning shower when our signal-to-noise ratio is at its peak.

A teacher once told me that poetry aspires
to the simplicity of the nude.
To be naked, he said, was to speak without footnotes.

Though in my opinion a naked person
usually has more explaining to do than anyone.

I am sitting on your toilet with my empty notepad.
You are drying your fake tan with a hairdryer,
talking to me through the bathroom mirror.

You ask if the back of you matches the front
and I can't even hazard a guess.

Questions like this make me feel like a child,
listening to the roar of static behind the curtains,
the endless transmission of the city too powerful
to appear within my limited bandwidth.

Your body is too much. London is too much.
I can barely connect two parts of it.
The diagrams we use are useless on the surface.
Moments like this, I realise how little
my A to Z has to do with the alphabet.
All our cities are built over nudist beaches.

I am in love with your neck.

I cut the body into pieces.

ROSS SUTHERLAND.



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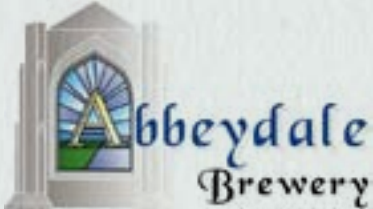


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10th TBC, **Sun 11th** Sea Shanty Session 3pm, **Wed 14th** Tracey's Session
8:30pm, **Thurs 15th** Scandi Session 8:30pm, **Fri 16th** Jackalope Tales 9pm,
Sat 17th PADDY'S NIGHT SESSION, **Fri 23rd** TBC, **Sat 24th** Steve
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NATHAN GIBSON.

PRIDE IN THE PROCESS.
WORDS BY JONES.



This month's art comes from a long time collaborator of mine, the amazing photographer Nathan Gibson. Appearing from the world of oil paint and ascending into photography, I've always loved his work, soul over substance, a true crafter of images. A few words from the man himself:

“First of all, I am a real Minimalist, because I don't do very much. I know some minimalists who call themselves minimalist but they do loads of minimalism. That is cheating. I really don't do very much.”

Robert Wyatt

To me, photography is just as much about selectivity as creativity, if not more so. Despite being an aesthete, I am more interested in the ideas behind objects than the objects themselves. I like dance music and Terry Riley, I'm most at home in the window seat of a moving train, and I'm fascinated by the relationship between the physical world and the virtual space we create and inhabit through our use and abuse of technology.

If you like my work, or you think I will like yours, then I want to hear from you, especially if you have questions. I will shoot weddings, club nights, bar mitzvahs and the office party, your face, your space, your bass and, ideally, your grace. Getting funky is my speciality.

David Hockney's 'Pearlblossom Highway' photo collage perhaps got me started, but many others have certainly helped me along the way. I love my family. I am angry about the misuse of power, laziness and all the liars, yet I am optimistic for the future. Offending people is not always a bad thing. The photo essay which starts on this page, and continues, was shot on 26th March 2011. I'm never finished.

nathan-gibson.tumblr.com



)the riverside

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SOUND.

PIRATES OF THE INTERNET. FRED OXB.

Words change their meaning constantly. They evolve along with our society and the issues it faces. One example is “pirate”. Contrary to what Disney would have us believe, most pirates don’t drink rum on a daily basis, some don’t even know how to sail and many are unable to grow a reasonable beard. Pirate du jour Kim “Dotcom” Shmitz seems to favour souped-up German cars to tall ships in his quest to plunder the world for all its worth. While the German-born millionaire sits in prison awaiting an extradition hearing to The United States it seems like an ideal time to explore his crimes in more detail.

Mr Dotcom is the most recent target of numerous governmental bodies over Megaupload, formerly one of the largest hosts of pirated music, video games and films on the internet. According to a MarkMonitor report published last year, Megaupload boasted an average of 4.3 billion visits a year, making it the internet’s third biggest online file sharing domain. Following an indictment by the US Justice Department, Megaupload has now been shut down and its assets - some \$300 million - have been seized or frozen. Now that this giant of the online world finds himself behind bars, has the world become a safer place? Mr Kim Dotcom, the high profile, albeit clean-shaven, master pirate will probably suffer much at the hands of whichever government gets its hands on him first, but in whose name will this presumed justice be? Will it be in the name of the consumer, the music industry or even the internet itself?

In general, people don’t have any qualms about illegally downloading media online. In fact, many people don’t get films or music from anywhere else. While this does not make it “right”, it certainly means that this is a crime which most of us are guilty of to a certain degree. While Mr Dotcom is responsible for providing a platform for these pirated goods, he is unlikely to be the person who initially stole the records and films which were stored on the 180 million registered user accounts on Megaupload. It is also unfair to claim that Dotcom was alone in his enterprise, as a simple search will reveal countless websites doing exactly the same thing.

Whatever happens to Kim Dotcom, it will not stop piracy. People will still rip and crack media, and download it without sparing a thought. Perhaps justice will not be for the consumer after all. As for the record labels and production companies he allegedly plundered...

If we accept that one successful case will not reign in the global phenomenon of online piracy, surely we should look at the reason why people are loath to purchase these wares, rather than targetting individuals who only represent the phenomenon? Attempts to give authorities the power to shut down all websites suspected of illegal activity, such as the controversial Stop Online Piracy Act (SOPA, currently suspended), seem to offer little more than a temporary and rather Orwellian way of stemming the flow of illegal material over the internet. In reality, these measures will be about as effective as waterproof teabags because people will continue to find ways of distributing pirated goods.

The internet has reduced the size of the world quite considerably. What it offers that is beyond the grasp of music executives is a conclusive catalogue of media at our fingertips. You no longer need to have money to become involved in music from all strands and genres. This simple fact means that piracy will always be an issue unless we work out how to make media industries compatible with the internet and the free exchange of media. I believe that the success of Spotify and Grooveshark, which legally offer free music, shows that there is an alternative to traditional mediums of media vending. Maybe if these were developed further, there would be no need to become a pirate at all and we could actually begin to appreciate the ramifications of having so much creative material to enjoy. While I’m not saying that piracy is inherently right, I would like to see a world where we learn to adapt to people’s desires rather than to try and correct them. Prohibition has never worked with any drug or political opinion, so why should it work with illegal downloading?

Perhaps Mr Dotcoms’s fate has very little to do with justice at all and more to do with making an example. The only question that remains is whether this example will actually deter people from committing acts of online piracy. I fear not and I hope that eventually, the governments and media industries of the world will be able to accept this and start coming up with genuine solutions to the problem.

BUNGA BUNGA.

3RD FEBRUARY.
DLS.

REVIEWER - WAYNE HOYLE.

On more weekends than not nowadays, the once deserted back alleys of Shalesmoor are quietly teeming with disorientated taxi drivers and discombobulated rave monkeys. Despite having found ourselves within the same complex at a number of clandestine gatherings over 2011, it still ends up being a bit of a mission to get ourselves within earshot of tonight's party.

It's controlled chaos outside early on, no doubt partly due to the fact that Toddla T and secret guest DJ Q smashed it at the last event before Christmas. Add to that the prospect of a combustible line-up of certified legends presiding over a whole host of precocious fresh talent and it's a relief to make it through the front doors just before it's completely roadblocked.

Unsurprisingly, it's full-on bouncing from the get go, with two rooms attempting to contain the collective bass trauma of eleven DJs over six hours. Resident Jack Opus slays the main space while local producer Squarehead (aka 18-year-old Oli Ledger) shows why his EP has been attracting props nationally over the last few months.

But the whole place is buzzing in anticipation of one particular person, and he doesn't disappoint. Dizzee's old mucker, Slimzee, has dusted off his vinyl from back in the day and wastes no time in proving his Godfather of Garage and Grime credentials with a wanton display of serious crate digging. To be fair, that's not even half of the story. Shortly afterwards, I'm won over by the good natured banter of Mista Men's Mella Dee, before ending the night being dragged away from the bar by a sweaty devotee of yet another Sheffield contender, Beneath.

The next day, Plastician is getting vexed about a night down south as he tweets, "You can't win. Too soft for the bro's, too hard for the forum, too dubby for the grime kids and too grimy for the deep heads..." No such problems for the Bunga massive, whose open minds and all-round sound attitude have paid testimony to the efforts of the night's promoters, whose ambition and knowledge are bang on the money. How the fifth instalment can come anywhere near this remains to be seen, but whatever you do, make sure you're down there early.

RIDDIMTION.

4TH FEBRUARY.
EVERYONE CENTRE.

REVIEWER - LIAM SHRIVASTAVA.

The reggae crowd in Sheffield are a stoic bunch. Despite the freezing temperatures and the flurry of snowfall on Sheffield's hillsides, people were out in force to mark the great Robert Nesta Marley's 67th birthday. Hosted by the city's very own Riddimtion crew at the legendary Everyone Centre in Nether Edge, this annual event felt like a throwback to the good old days when this was the only venue us young whippersnappers could get into without a fake ID.

Now unfortunately looking well over 25, despite being 22, I still didn't need my ID upon entry but I was greeted with the familiar sounds of The Wailers complemented by the sweet smell of mutton and rice and peas. The system was sounding heavy and I was just in time for the first set from the Riddimtion acoustic show. A live 'Jammin' session featuring all the Bob standards like 'One Drop', 'Rastaman Vibration' and of course the rabble rousing 'No Woman No Cry' from a collection of top vocalists, including SistaDanae, Souldeep, Pyrcia and the KOG. The latter's impressive rendition of 'Three Little Birds' really made the night catch fire. Unfortunately, the vocals needed to be louder, but such are the challenges when a reggae soundsystem doubles up as a PA.

Whilst both sets went down a treat with the crowd, this reviewer can grow a little tired of Bob Marley (yes, even on his birthday), so it was great to hear Rootsfella and the gang spin some of Riddimtion's much touted home-grown cuts. The original productions featuring Riddimtion's relatively new vocalists were nice enough, but it was the bass-heavy remixes that really got the crowd going. The excellent Wayne Marshall and Toddla T remix and the frankly mind-bending version of Basement Jaxx's 'Where's Your Head At' were personal highlights. Topping off the nostalgia, R8 Record's Alex Deadman jumped on the mic and sounded on top form with a track I last heard six years ago at this very same event.

Aside from narrowly avoiding death by returning a two-years-out-of-date can of Stella, the one slight let down was the power cut that happened at the very worst time - ten minutes before closing. Luckily, the boys rallied to get the sound back on and despite a small exodus the stamina crew were skanking till way past 5am.

Tune of the night: 'Wolves & Leopards' by Dennis Brown, who also had a posthumous birthday in February.

LIQUID STEEL SESSIONS.

27TH JANUARY.
DLS.

REVIEWER - CLARE WHITTY.

Dirty Little Secret only opened just over a year ago, but in this time has rapidly become one of the best nightclubs in Sheffield for underground dance events, making a strong impression on punters and promoters alike. It stands to reason that Liquid Steel Sessions, a collective of DJs and MCs, chose to use DLS to put on their spectacular 5th birthday bash.

LSS have been putting on regular events in Sheffield and Leeds since 2007. Their soundsystem is a massive, camouflaged stack of bass-heavy speakers, mainly homemade, fitting in nicely with their vibe of new, original music rooted in the foundations of bass culture.

This sold-out birthday event held two rooms of music plus the Kacha Puri Café, a barbeque and a few chill out areas for those whose ears needed a well earned rest. The new main room hosted the huge King Earthquake Soundsystem from Handsworth with pioneer Errol Arawak at the controls. This monster of a system shook and rumbled the main hall with quality dub delivered throughout the night. Arawak's style included a lot of heavy low end mixed with past and present reggae tracks and an influx of more modern synth noises, which almost made it sound like techno at points.

Off Me Nut Records set up shop in the second room, with local duo Squire of Gothos filling the headline slot. One of the best dance acts to come from Sheffield in recent years, Squire of Gothos blend crazy samples with daft electronic noises to create a mash-up of bouncy, danceable tunes. The Off Me Nut crew of producers and DJs brought a whole host of excellent sets to give LSS the eclectic party atmosphere it deserved on its anniversary. Personal highlights included Phatworld, Rotten Nostril and Plattapussy.

Overall, the LSS 5th birthday party was very entertaining and both rooms remained busy all night, with the crowd seemingly kept happy from start to finish. It was certainly an appropriate birthday celebration for one of Sheffield's finest promoters and hopefully an indicator of many more banging events to come.

WHAT'S ON.

UPCOMING GIGS IN SHEFTOWN.

A HAWK AND A HACKSAW.

3rd March.
St George's Church.
£12 adv.

New Mexico folk duo rescore legendary Russian filmmaker Sergei Parajadnov's Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors. Something a bit different.

PORTICO QUARTET.

8th March.
Queens Social Club.
£12 adv.

Just in case you missed our Upstairs Downstairs event with Portico Quartet late last year, this four-piece jazz-electronic outfit are a breath of fresh air.

NIGHT TRAIN.

10th March.
Penelope's.
£5 otd.

A new night playing Motown, R'n'B, soul and rare groove, with a live performance from six-piece Soul Faces.

JOY ORBISON & BODDIKA.

16th March.
DQ.
£10 adv.

Joy Orbison and Boddika perform their first collaborative set, supported by Midland, Alex Coulton and Oscillate Wildly residents.

KWES.

24th March.
Harley.
£4 adv.

Multi-instrumentalist and recent Warp Records signing Kwes takes on the Harley, with sets from Damu, Squarehead and Wild Heron.

LIZ GREEN.

29th March.
The Riverside.
Free.

The inimitable Ms Green will play at the Riverside this month, hot off the release of her debut album **O, Devotion!** Support from Alabaster DePlume and Wordlife poets.



MIDDLEWOOD SESSIONS.

SELF-RELEASED.

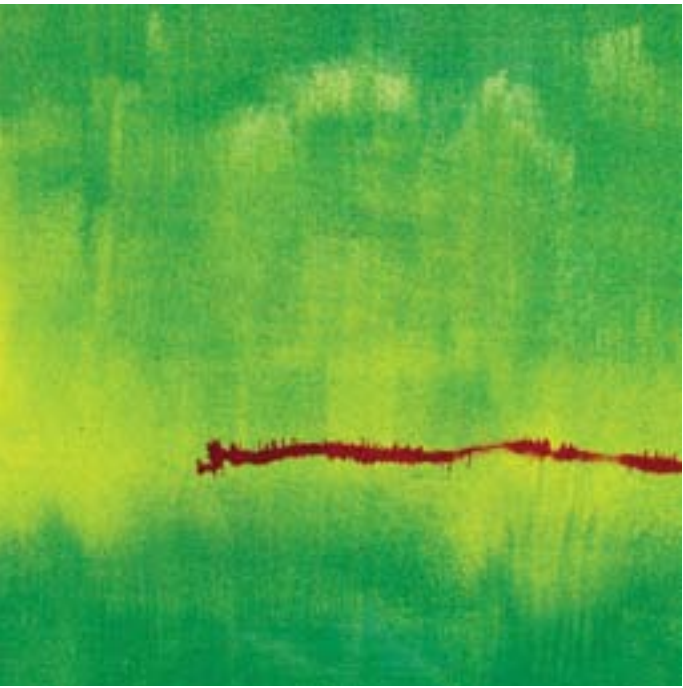
REVIEWER - BEN ECKERLSEY.

Middlewood Sessions are quite possibly the best band from Sheffield that you've never heard of. Despite strong early successes with well-supported singles on Gilles Peterson's Brownswood Recordings and Wah Wah 45s, they haven't released anything since early 2008. Their last performance in Sheffield was at the tail end of that year and they haven't played anywhere since early 2009. Since then, the band has been sequestered away in the studio, any requests for information met with a polite "we're working on it". For those that have stayed the course, this is one of the longest awaited debuts in recent memory. It may have taken them five years, but this record - epic, intense, deep, groovy and soulful - is very good indeed.

The project began in 2006 with the collaboration of jazz pianist Mark Slater and bassist Alex Beauchamp. They envisaged a cinematic approach to jazz with heavyweight horns and an orchestral string section. The band has grown exponentially from its original two members. By my count, 27 different musicians played 14 different instruments on the album. The initial goal of creating something cinematic and orchestral has been met resoundingly, leading to the most obvious comparison with The Cinematic Orchestra. Their influence - namely soaring strings and deep, jazzy basslines - can be heard somewhere in just about every track on this album, and it's a winning, if not entirely original formula. However, Slater and Beauchamp haven't stopped at this, and at times this record is (whisper it) just a bit better. Their success stems from looking both forwards and backwards - from the punchy brass of Freddie Hubbard and other Blue Note artists, to the creative dance floor beats of the likes of Diplo, Bonobo and 4hero.

Their sound is not completely unique but it is fresh. The songs are long, but creative use of instrumentation and clever structuring mean they never get boring. They are elaborate and complex, but still incredibly catchy - so, so catchy. I've had this promo for a couple of weeks, and just like a thrilling book, I just can't turn this music off: it's brilliantly addictive and highly recommended.

It's worth pointing out that this is an album for Sheffield to be proud of too. It is flawlessly performed and produced, but has all been done locally. It was recorded at Yellow Arch, mixed in a home studio and the musicians all live and work in the city. We all know this is an amazing city for music. This record is proof that we have the session players and recording facilities to compete with anywhere.



PULP.

IT.
FIRE RECORDS.

REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.

Over the last year Pulp reformed for a circuit of festival dates, disappointingly missing out Sheffield I might add. For a band whose existence before their first break-up spanned 20 years, it might have seemed strange to someone with no knowledge of the band that most of the songs in their sets were from the relatively narrow period of 1994-98. But those were the years in which all of their disparate influences crystallised into something fully coherent. Thanks to Fire's re-release of Pulp's first three albums, this childhood fan has been investigating the path that led Pulp from awkward alt-pop experimentation to global recognition.

Putting on this record for the first time may well give you a shock if you're well acquainted with the bands more famous output. Though Jarvis Cocker's voice is recognisable, none of the mixture of laconic cynicism and anger that later became his trademark is present in either tone or lyrics. Also lacking is the band's later sound of rich electronic poppiness, though those familiar with the last years of the band will see parallels with the folkly style of this record. What we have instead is a meek and delicate sounding Jarvis and band, with classic indie and pop folk elements melded together in songs that are somewhat varied in quality and maturity.

In opener 'My Lighthouse' you can hear foreshadows of the neat songwriting that became their trademark, but then we have songs like 'Wishful Thinking', which combines interesting folk and early eighties indie elements but fails to hang together as a whole. Another moment where future potential is obvious is 'Blue Girls', with rich jazzy piano and rhodes parts emerging before one of the most accomplished yet delicate vocals of the record croons in, dripping with saccharine flavour. The songwriting is not dissimilar to Richard Hawley's solo work, demonstrating the interweaving patterns of the two Sheffielders' careers and influences.

'Looking for Life' is another slightly incongruous track, sounding like a cross between the Smiths and the Doors, but the vocal has an assured quality which is lacking in the rest of the record. Looking at it with hindsight it is hard not to feel significance in the refrain of "looking for life".

This record is the sound of Pulp's birth. It was an awkward one, but one whose difficulty helped shape the band in a way every bit as significant as a chart-smashing first album would have been. It is not a landmark album, but if you're a fan it is well worth listening to, if only for an insight into the DNA of one of Sheffield's most unique exports.



BURIAL.

KINDRED EP.
HYPERDUB.

REVIEWER - TOM BELSHAW.

I'd be quite happy if Four Tet rubbed off on me. For the purposes of inspiration of course. I'm not keen on sharing a bed with Kieran Hebden and his abnormally large head. I'd like to spend an evening taking his plug-ins. You know, bear a mutual brainchild. What I mean is he uses a lot of defunct analogue instruments and I'd like to go round to his and work really hard before backing up onto a floppy.

In 2009 William Bevan or, as he's known to his mum, 'Burial' collaborated with Hebden on what I genuinely considered to be "the best tune I've ever heard". Now don't get me wrong, Burial is a right royal virtuoso as it is, but when he and Four Tet collaborated on 'Moth' something very special happened. Bevan's trademark counterpoint of dusty clicks and wooshy noises were reigned in with the dance music staple of a 4/4 time signature. They say beauty is repetition and it's the beautiful repetition of a beautifully repetitive hook that repeatedly makes me think that 'Moth' is beautiful.

Last year's **Street Halo** was arguably Burial's best yet due to its prevalent 4/4 theme and his new release tops it for the same reasons. The title track 'Kindred' is old school Burial fare - an enormous droning bass line, 2-step rhythm and a huge suspended vocal hook.

Second track 'Loner' is where things get interesting. A primitive Casio house beat and a huge rave inspired arpeggio sit atop Burial's trademark crackles, snaps and pops, giving the track the feel of listening to a happy hardcore mix on a gramophone.

But my money is on 'Ashtray Wasp'. The track actually starts off with a pitched down sample of the synth hook from 2007's album track 'Endorphin' before a mystery female vocal clip uttering the words "Alright, bye" slices through the ambience. Bidding farewell to his previous style of production couldn't be more apt. A swinging house beat, a floating fairground arpeggio, nods to AFX's acid house twiddlings, 90s vocal stabs, and an outro who's desperate screams of "FOUR TET!" are masked under low fidelity clicks, crumbling samples and demi-octaved field recordings.

400 words isn't enough to go into as much depth as I would like. This release is exquisite. I'm not saying collaborating with Four Tet has made Burial a better musician. I just feel it made him appreciate the beauty of repetition and if you can repeatedly make something beautiful then I will dutifully pay for the opportunity to play something beautiful... on repeat.



SCUBA.

PERSONALITY.
HOTFLUSH RECORDINGS.

REVIEWER - JACK SCOURFIELD.

Paul Rose is not a man known for having the warmest of personalities. Largely statuesque whilst DJing and a wealth of online moans and spats under his belt, his is a character that does not immediately scream "IT'S BIG LOLZ TIME GUYZ". For much of his career, his musical output has reflected the moody, sullen man behind the buttons. From the murky dubstep ponderings of 2008 debut **A Mutual Antipathy** to the pulsating, chrome-plated techno echoes on his stellar 2010 follow-up **Triangulation**, there's rarely been much cause for revellers to branch out beyond a bowed, bobbing head, with hands firmly set at waist level. Last year, however, saw a shift in direction with the trance-referencing laser-reacher that was 'Adrenalin', a shimmeringly euphoric track which could easily sit comfortably in sets by Armin van Buuren, Annie Mac or Ben UFO alike. Combined with tracks under his SCB alias such as the remarkable 'Loss', Mr Rose was starting to deliver some real 'hands in the air' moments.

It's this more ecstatic vision which underlies Scuba's third LP **Personality**, although if there's one theme which ties the record together over the course of its hour-long duration, it's that of retrospection. Scuba has been vocal in his vexation at how 'dubstep' culture has morphed in the past few years and, turning his back on the genre which arguably first nurtured him, has taken to foraging in the electronic scene of 20 years ago for inspiration. There are hints of techno dons Underworld on 'Gekko', a nod to Laurent Garnier on 'Underbelly', and avid jungle embraces on 'NEIBUTU' and the excellent 'Cognitive Dissonance' - an album highlight. 'If U Want' is a close cousin of 'Adrenalin' but perhaps even better, taking shape around similar murmured vocal samples and entrancing melodic undulation to conjure up another moment of elation.

The excerpt of sampled speech at the beginning of opening track 'Ignition Key' could only be made less cringey if the rest of the record lent it justification through sheer quality, but Personality doesn't quite do it. While there are some fine rewards to be found throughout, at times it begins to feel like 'Scuba by numbers', which for a producer of such talent is in no way a terrible thing, but causes areas of the album to drag somewhat. This is even before factoring in dreadful lead single 'The Hope'. Not a record that will disappoint as such, but nor is it one that will add a great deal of weight to Paul Rose's already substantial legacy.



ANDREW BIRD.

WHAT’S MISTAKEN FOR CLOSENESS IS JUST A CASE OF MITOSIS.
INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Andrew Bird is an Illinois-based multi-instrumentalist, perhaps best known as a virtuoso violinist and grade A whistler. His music has mutated since his debut album Music of Hair in 1996, having explored jazz, swing, folk, classical, rock and pop. His new album Break It Yourself has a lot in common with its recent predecessors Noble Beast and Armchair Apocrypha, being made up of a delicate mixture of these influences, overlaid with lyrics that are often playful, heartfelt and a little obtuse.

Having just finished an exhibition with Ian Schneller featuring custom-made speaker horns at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) in Chicago (look it up - amazing stuff), Andrew is currently preparing for a US tour, as well as a few shows on this side of the Atlantic. All I will say is that it’s not every day you get to talk to someone with a degree in violin performance.

So you’re over in London at the moment. What are you doing there?

I’m here to do a show for A Room for London. They built a boat on top of Queen Elizabeth Hall, overlooking the Thames. It’s a one-bedroom apartment and they have writers and musicians...people do residences there. It seemed like something I couldn’t turn down. [Full show can be streamed at aroomforlondon.co.uk/sounds-from-a-room]

Your new album is out in March. How long did it take to record and how did the process differ from other records you’ve made?

It was pretty vastly different from previous records. It was recorded in about eight days on my family farm in Illinois, in a barn, all live to tape. All of us in a room together with no separation. It’s a performance. There was that eight days and then a whole year of trying to make it better, but I really came back to the raw performances. I organised another session a year later – same place, same people, same configuration – and kind of cleaned up the rest of the songs. Pretty much what you hear is what happened.

Is this the first of your records that you’ve produced yourself?

No, I think I’ve produced every one of my records. I’ve never really had a proper producer. I’ve worked with engineers with an occasional opinion, but never your typical producer. I have control issues, I suppose. I haven’t met anyone who I thought would bring more to it than I would. But this album is notable for its lack of production. I’ve grown tired of what we know as production. Too many records sound like a series of choices rather than a performance. They just sound like karaoke to me.

Were there any highlights of the recording process? Any eureka moments?

What was most gratifying I think was [first single] ‘Eyeoneye’. I debuted it two years ago at a TED conference when it was half written, but the version that’s on the record was actually captured by a film crew. You can kind of hear it in the song. We’re going through it and it’s going reasonably well, and then at some point I think we collectively understand it is going far better than any previous version. Everyone gets excited and the rest of song races to the finish. It’s got a real pulse to it.

Do you still use looping when playing with the band?

Yeah, the live looping was never supposed to replace the band. It’s a thing unto itself. I’m completely linked to my drummer via loops, and all four of us are oftentimes making loops. It’s just kind of an extension of the instrument.

I think it keeps a healthy amount of suspense, even when we’re doing live TV. There are loops that can (and often do) go terribly wrong. There have been cases where it didn’t work, and we had to make it work on the fly. I would even go as far as to say that it’s a cultivated risk. Sometimes things don’t have to be that complicated or risky, but it’s good for the performance as a whole.

Your last release was Useless Creatures. Was that album a way for you to get your passion for pure instrumentals out?

It’s also a companion record to **Noble Beast**. Sometimes it’s hard to fit it all in to a three-and-a-half minute song, and you feel like you are neglecting a whole aspect of you as a musician, but you’re dedicated to song craft and being concise. Every time I come up with a melody I think, “That’s perfectly fine as it is.” That’s why I called it **Useless Creatures**, because sometimes I feel like it’s not valid until it’s been worked into a pop song. It’s me reminding myself that that doesn’t have to be the case.

I know it was a long time ago, but what was it like working with the Squirrel Nut Zippers? I’m a big fan and they seem like they would be entertaining people to work with.

They definitely were. Each one was a completely different character. For a band that didn’t really play rock music per se, it was the ultimate rock ‘n’ roll cliché of consumption, in-fighting and wild shows. I was 23 when I got on board with them. They were just taking off and it was a very...interesting time. At that time I was into more complex things musically, and that was the first time that I got what an energetic, roll ‘n’ roll show is all about, and I liked it.

Did you enjoy taking part in the Sonic Arboretum project with Ian Schneller and how did you adapt it for the recent exhibition at the MCA in Chicago?

The Chicago thing was the first time we really had the space to realise what it was supposed to be, which is this amazing compositional tool. I’ve been working with Ian for more than ten years developing these different shapes for speaker horns. What’s really cool to me is that it’s kind of the inverse of a typical tour day. I’d get up, go to work when everyone else does, compose from 9 till 1. At the MCA I was on this balcony overlooking a field of speaker horns. I’d be composing through a hard disk recorder, which would then send it out to different groups of horns and we’d mix it on the fly. It was a totally different experience. It’s a whole other way of performing which might be more sustainable and gratifying.

Noble Beast reached number 12 in the US charts. Is mainstream success a fairly recent thing for you?

No, it started to pick up right after **Weather Systems** (2003). It’s just been a tremendous amount of touring. I’d been touring since 1998 but I was getting nowhere, really. But after that record something just clicked. Still to this day I’m not sure what it was, but at that point I did change the way I was making music. I like to think it’s all been driven by the live show.

You’ve probably realised the dream of a lot of musicians by having appeared on the Muppets soundtrack as well.

Yeah, the film was really where it was at for me. I wrote four or five songs, of which only one [‘The Whistling Caruso’] made it to the film. It’s pretty much all whistling and I’m really proud of it.

Incidentally, where did you learn to whistle like that?

I don’t know. I do it incessantly. If I’m not eating, talking or sleeping, I’m usually whistling. I think of it as like a valve for ideas to escape, whether I’m whistling very loud or pretty much just breathing. It’s just an every waking moment kind of thing for me.

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DOOM

Mo 19/03

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FILMREEL.

GUILTY PLEASURES.

INTRODUCTION.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

This month’s Filmreel welcomes three guest writers, each taking a very personal stance on the notion of guilty pleasures. Their only guideline has been to focus on a single film and highlight any of its redeeming features in cinematic terms. But, in what’s becoming a Filmreel tradition by now, I was looking forward to being surprised and these very individual voices have certainly done that.

Nicola Berton, from last month’s onslaught against Remakes, delivers an effervescent take on the blockbuster **Volcano**; Alex Keegan, a regular contributor for some time, immediately deviated from the instruction of ‘one film only’ and brings us an unashamed praise of Exploitation Cinema; and, for the first time on Filmreel, Sarah Christie shares her invigorating dissection of what makes **Alien: Resurrection** pretty damn good.

But what about me? Like everyone else I do have my guilty pleasures, of course. There’s no denying or suppressing it, even if some very diluted Catholic influence can be found in my altogether unholy lifestyle and filmmaking.

I did set out to write a piece focussed on one film as well, but, to be honest, that would’ve been much, much easier had I still been at university, or locked in the years that preceded my professional practice as a filmmaker; when the invitation from pseudo-film collaborators to sit around all day watching and talking about obscure flicks was too much to resist.

These days, it’s utterly impossible to have a guilty pleasure, because I don’t even have time to rewatch the films I truly love by the filmmakers I admire. It’s a fact of life: the moment you start making films professionally, you watch a lot less films, because the process is so time-consuming (when embraced with dedication, that is). I’ve also been called a prolific bastard, which doesn’t help.

But for the sake of Filmreel, I’m going to conclude by creating a split between the unashamed pleasures of exploitation (which , for me, is headlined by the great Jess Franco) and the actual guilt-eliciting enjoyment of certain mainstream films (under which films like Jan de Bont’s **Speed** and the Liam Neeson star-vehicle **Taken** fall). For me, true guilt can only be found in enjoying byproducts of what Hollywood once did well, which amounts to 99.9% of American films released in the past 30 years.

SUGARY GOODNESS.

NICOLA BERTON.

We’ve all got one - a film we love to watch, but we’re embarrassed to admit how many times we’ve seen. Whether you’re firmly into double-figures for a tacky rom-com that everyone else hates, or you still go teary-eyed for a Disney film you first saw as a kid, we’ve all got a guilty pleasure movie.

My personal choice is **Volcano**. Yes, the one starring Tommy Lee Jones about a volcano erupting in downtown LA. Before you start mocking my choice, hear me out.

The story may be totally implausible, especially the fact that the characters are so oblivious to the possibility of a volcano-style disaster, given that LA has a history of geological hiccups. Likewise, I’m sure the real authorities wouldn’t have to blow up buildings to change the flow of magma. But, as stories go, it does have what audiences love; action, suspense, family, even a small undercurrent of collegial rivalry. The director Mick Jackson is a man we can trust for giving us the suspense and the love we feel in Volcano. After all, he was the man who managed to conjure up a believable romance between a lone-wolf security guard and a shallow celebrity pop star in 1992’s **The Bodyguard**. Nevertheless, the acting is solid, especially from Tommy Lee Jones. No matter what people say, he has a paternal quality about him that makes me root for his character every time and Anne Heche’s ice cold demeanour is realistic enough to get the audience’s blood boiling.

Just because the film plays like a giant cliché, it’s not something to get pompous about. What else would you expect from a film called Volcano? Suspend your belief in science, humanity, government and even common sense. This isn’t meant to be educational, but rather something fun that was made as a piece of escapism, and in a world of council tax, parking tickets and five fruit or veg a day, two hours of ‘fun’ is nothing to be ashamed of.

Volcano’s brilliance lies in more than its ridiculous premise, but in its blockbuster set-pieces and its solid unapologetic action sequences. In fact, the best way I can defend my guilty pleasure movie is likening it to my guilty pleasure dessert. Volcano bubbles and pops with sugary goodness, the sticky toffee pudding of 90s cinema – bad for the heart, great for the whole.

EXPLOITATION.

ALEX KEEGAN.

It would seem that in order to label a film a ‘guilty pleasure’, there needs to be a set of self-ascribed standards by which said film can be compared and deemed shamefully inadequate. Guilt implies that there is some better way to act which has been ignored in favour of a lesser pleasure that is worthy of humiliation. Alpha males who enjoy a cosy night in with their favourite Disney DVD would be made to feel guilty by their peers for not appreciating the nuances of the latest Jason Statham blockbuster, whereas that same blockbuster could be scandalously enjoyed by a broadsheet film critic whose love for stunts and ‘the Stath’ (as he refers to him in internet chat rooms) would have to be veiled behind a veneer of remorse.

Such disgraces arise from the aforementioned deviation from what one values as the purpose of cinema; whether that is the affirmation of a macho-mentality, or an intellectual insight into the world and humanity’s place in it. I find myself sympathising more with the latter function. Cinema can elevate our understanding of others and pick apart the complex web of social, moral and political networks which we find ourselves entangled within.

The mere sight of Stanley Kubrick guiding us through a journey of the infinite sends me giddy at the knees. This said, I have over the last few years developed a near-obsession with films that undermine the sort of intellectual, technical and artistic feats films like **2001: A Space Odyssey** exhibit. These come in the form of exploitation, blaxploitation and sexploitation films, mostly from 70s America, which are perhaps some of the most debauchorous, unethical and technically inept films that have ever been committed to celluloid. The films of directors such as Lucio Fulci and Russ Meyer fill me with an unbridled joy. It’s the apparent commitment to making a film that will only ever be half-good; the obvious hours spent overdubbing, creating poor special effects and the probably unethical stance of only ever hiring actresses with over-sized breasts that I admire.

The pure love of filmmaking exhibited is infectious regardless of the end result. There’s always a part of me which constantly nags, reminding me that I should feel guilty revelling in the gratuitousness of it all, but when you can watch someone vomit up their internal organs after being confronted by a suicidal priest ghost, then who really cares?

ALIEN: RESURRECTION

SARAH CHRISTIE.

I was given the task of writing about a film I think is a guilty pleasure – and I failed. For me, a true guilty pleasure is a movie you know is awful yet still love, without having any idea why; a film you feel genuine embarrassment about admitting to liking. If I can unashamedly defend a critically-mauled film then the movie in question isn’t really a guilty pleasure. And I feel no guilt about sticking up for my choice.

Alien: Resurrection is the fourth entry in the Alien franchise, the sci-fi series that launched the career of Sigourney Weaver and in Ellen Ripley gave mainstream action cinema its first (and arguably only) female protagonist with genuine agency, whose heroine status is due to her strength and intellect rather than her sexual capital.

The original Alien and its first sequel are recognised as classics, but critical consensus over Alien: Resurrection is far more mixed, with some even going so far as to brand it one of the worst films of all time. In my opinion it’s not even the worst film in the franchise: that dishonour goes to the horribly muddled **Alien³**. So why did Resurrection create such rancour?

A possible answer may be that it was judged according to the wrong standards. Tonally it steps away from the previous films, swapping Alien’s ice-cold chills for a schlocky sensibility that’s closer to The Evil Dead. There is a ghoulish pleasure in splatery scenes and a sharpness to the comic asides that other entries in the series lack.

Taken on its own merits, Alien: Resurrection is...well, cool. Director Jean-Pierre Jeunet has a strong sense of style and there are plenty of visually arresting moments, least of all the debut of aliens that can swim. Though they are the film’s one real example of naff CGI, combining the fear of drowning with the fear of space monsters ripping you to shreds is still a masterstroke.

Alien: Resurrection increases the complexity of Ripley’s character. Cloned from the alien embryo-carrying heroine that committed suicide at the end of Alien³, Ripley now shares a bond with her extra-terrestrial enemies. The uncertainty over where our heroine’s loyalties lie makes the film a far less predictable watch than the average horror movie. Even more compelling is the film’s representation of its lead actress. Weaver was in her late forties when making the film, yet there is no attempt to make her appear younger. Having a strong female star at the centre of an action film is one thing, but having one that’s middle-aged to boot? That’s breaking boundaries and then some, and for this alone Alien: Resurrection demands respect.



NOW THEN PHOTOGRAPHY.

NOWTHENPHOTOGRAPHY.CO.UK
ANDY (07900 815622).

Despite what the name implies, Now Then Photography is nothing to do with this here publication. Rather it is the brainchild of Andy Brown and Chris Saunders, two Sheffield-based photographers who offer an alternative to the 'must-have' trends touted in wedding magazines and the like. Let's face it, traditional wedding photography isn't for everyone and it can be a drag to have someone pointing a camera in your face.

No cringeworthy portrait shoots, laborious group pictures or orchestrated romance here. The sole aim of Andy and Chris is to capture simple, beautiful images of the big day without getting in the way. They take pictures in an unobtrusive documentary style, staying in the background as much as possible, and certainly won't make you stand there striking an awkward pose for what feels like an eternity. They are always accommodating and adaptable, and are keen to meet up with couples before the wedding day to make sure it all goes as smoothly as possible. You can draft them in to snap away during preparations, the ceremony, the reception and the after party, safe in the knowledge that they won't spoil the moment.

If you are tying the knot soon and this sounds right up your street, give them a shout to arrange an informal chat with no obligations, take a look at some of their past work and read the tremendously positive testimonials on their website.

Andy and Chris primarily work in the North, but are happy to go further afield if they are needed, and they have pricing options to suit most budgets.

SOUL OF SHEFFIELD.

MILTON HOUSE, CHARTER ROW.
SOULOFSCHEFFIELD.COM.

Soul of Sheffield is a community art project that will evolve and develop over March, April and May.

For these three months the project will use a large open plan space in the city centre to build a model of Sheffield. Anybody can come to make a building to include in the city - artists, but also passers-by, community groups, schools and businesses, are all welcome to come and create.

Choose a building or a part of the city that holds significance for you, that is part of your story, make it in as simple or elaborate way as you like - we have plenty of materials - then put it in place along with everyone else's creation. In this way the piece of art will grow and evolve with our different stories just as the city itself has. The model will develop in unpredictable ways as we interact with each other and offer our unique contributions. This exciting process will be recorded on the Soul of Sheffield website.

You are invited to contribute, however young or old you are - whether you have lived in Sheffield for your whole life or have only been here for a few days, whether you are a professional artist or you still bear the scars from your art teacher telling you that you couldn't draw.

If you would like to contribute as an individual, community group, school or local business or are simply curious to come and see what's going on with no obligation, come down to Milton House on Charter Row.

Opening times can be found on the website. Participation is free of charge. For more information or to book a group session, email rjstott@hotmail.co.uk.

MOGUL ROOM.

282 SHARROW VALE ROAD.
0114 267 9846.

Nestled in the heart of the thriving hub of independent trade that is Sharrow Vale is an Indian restaurant with more than a little character.

Since 2007, the Mogul Room has been building a reputation as the home of fresh Indian cooking. Using only the freshest and highest quality ingredients, their team of expert chefs have put their stamp of quality on all of their dishes, from the classics to the specialities found in few other places in Sheffield.

One such example of their originality and flare is the Naga Morris. This dish is the only one to come with an accompanying warning and, containing the Naga chilli (officially the hottest on Earth), it is as flavoursome as it is fiery. We've had it more than once and we dare you to have a go.

DELANEY'S.

17 CEMETERY ROAD.
0114 272 2136.
DELANEYSBAR.CO.UK

A quick update for the month ahead at the home of live music, ace ale and of course our very own Not What You Know sessions.

March is a big month for Steve, Krysia and the team, with tons of live events, a St Patrick's Day bonanza and most importantly of all, Steve's 30th birthday.

The regular live music nights include Strum and Fiddle open mic night, where musicians and performers are welcomed onto the stage to showcase their talents through the exceptional Delaney's PA, and bi-weekly DJ sets from the musical heavyweights of Sheffield's various scenes. Having recently hosted the likes of Rhythm Oil, the Julian Jones Band and the Sharp Cuts, we recommend you check their Facebook page for regular updates.

FLASH.

FACEBOOK.COM/FLASH.SHEFFIELD
FLASH@SHEFFIELD.AC.UK

Sheffield Union's series of Flash events brought some pretty interesting speakers to Sheffield last year, including Tony Benn and Fatima Bhutto, and this year will be no different.

On Thursday 8th March the Foundry will host a talk from Jules Stenson entitled The Death of The News of the World. Stenson worked as head of features at the paper for 15 years, presiding over some of its biggest news stories. The University of Sheffield graduate will talk candidly about the closure of the paper and the implications of the Leveson Inquiry for the industry as a whole.

Tickets are a snip at £5 and £3 for concessions, and the second half of the show will be compered by former Forge Press editor Paul French.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

LOVEBYTES.

22ND-24TH MARCH.
LOVEBYTES.ORG.UK

Lovebytes is an independent digital arts organisation, established in 1994 to encourage people in Sheffield and further afield to engage with digital culture. Every year it puts on the Lovebytes International Festival of Digital Art, offering a jam-packed programme of performances, screenings, talks, workshops and exhibitions at venues across the city.

This year's festival runs on 22nd-24th March. Highlights include Intuition and Ingenuity, an exhibition highlighting the influence of mathematician and computer scientist Alan Turing in the 100th anniversary year of his birth, We Don't Care About Music Anyway, a look at the Tokyo music scene, and the Spring Fayre, with scores of events and performances taking place in the city centre.

SHEFFIELD LIVE!

SHEFFIELDLIVE.ORG

Sheffield Live! 93.2FM, probably one of the best community radio stations in the area, is currently under threat of closure due to a slowdown in grants and donations. As a non-profit, it relies entirely on these funding streams for its survival.

Three benefit gigs are set to take place throughout April at Brezza (14th), the Vine (21st) and Penelope's (28th). Coming down to one or all of these would make a massive difference to the station, but it is also hosting a pretty huge raffle. Prizes include a Now Then T-shirt and five selected 2011 back issues, two family passes to Wentworth Gardens, three 3-course meals at the Fusion Cafe, a nine-pint mini-cask from the Greystones, two Sheffield United tickets... the list goes on and on. Tickets are on sale now at the Rude Shipyard, Penelope's, the Vine and Airy Fairy.

UGLY AMERICANS.

COMEDY CENTRAL.

Ugly Americans is an animation created by Devin Clark and developed by former Simpsons writer David M Stern. Based around the life of Mark Lilly, a social worker at the Department of Integration in an alternate New York City flooded with vampires, demons and other beasties, it definitely shares a sense of humour with the Simpsons, but often gets a bit darker. Mark is in charge of helping all of these dysfunctional creatures get along, but is often impaired by the stupidity of his roommate Randall, his demon boss/bit on the side Callie, a weedy but well-intentioned wizard called Leonard Powers, and Twayne Boneraper, a government bureaucrat who remains wholly unconvinced by the effectiveness of social services. Silly but very entertaining.

END.
YOU HEARD.

OPUS IN 2012.

COMING THIS YEAR FROM THE NOW THEN FAMILY.



OPUS WEBSITE. OPUSINDEPENDENTS.COM

The new Opus Independents website is now live. Designed by the fine hand of Mr Michael Auty at Made with Pixels, who did a great job on the Now Then website last year, the site features sections on Opus Distribution, Wordlife spoken word and poetry events and Opus Presents gigs. It is probably the best place to go to get news on the goings-on at the company, as well as finding out about upcoming shows and other shenanigans. It also looks bloody marvellous, thanks to back-grounds from Michael Latimer.

We have also launched our new online shop. Those who want to complete their collection can find reasonably priced back issues of Now Then, while the more committed can have copies delivered directly to them with a subscription. We are also stocking limited edition T-shirts, designed by the likes of Michael Latimer and Tom J Newell and produced at Yorkshire Tee.



NOW THEN 4TH BIRTHDAY.

These next couple of magazines are big milestones for us. April's issue will mark our 4th birthday as a magazine, which is a huge achievement and something we are all very proud of. As this page testifies, we will not be resting on our laurels this year, but we will certainly mark the event with a bumper mag packed with all the usual goodies. For those of you who prefer round numbers, May will be our 50th issue, so again we aim to make it a big one, with lots of interesting features and striking artwork for your eyes.

Another iron in the fire is a Now Then beer, produced lovingly in collaboration with Abbeydale Brewery. Now Then will be a pale ale with a refreshing citrus finish, made with Maris Otter low colour malt and Australian and New Zealand hops. It should be available at all good ale houses in the city and further afield from the beginning of April.



OPUS ACOUSTICS CD. 22ND MARCH.

We're dead chuffed with all the amazing people that have come and played for us so far, and to celebrate we decided to release an album featuring tracks kindly submitted by some of our highlights. Here's a sneak peak at some of the featured artists (we can hardly believe it): Liz Green, Thomas Leeb, The Payroll Union, Rozi Plain, Rachael Dadd, Dean McPhee, Phantom Dog Beneath the Moon, Woolly Mammoth, Sieben, James Lock, Joe Kriss and more.

OPUS ACOUSTICS. FACEBOOK.COM/OPUSACOUSTICS

Opus Acoustics takes place every Thursday from 7.30pm at the Riverside Bar on Mowbray Street (S3 8EN). The premise is simple: top acoustics acts from across the country, poetry from Wordlife, word games, cheese, wine and an intimate setting. Free entry for all and sundry. Here's what we've got in store.

8th March.
AGE OF GLASS (special acoustic set) // MARK VILLHOLM.

Epic, feel-good fusion of delicately plucked summer time riffs, crushing synth explosions, bowel wobbling bass and audio chaos.

15th March.
MARK WYNN // THE RATCATCHER MALLET.
Extensively touring Americana and folk performer from York. First-class fingerpicking with smokey vocals.

22nd March.
OPUS ACOUSTICS CD LAUNCH: WOOLLY MAMMOTH // LEONIE EVANS // LOUIS ROMÉGOUX.

We celebrate the release of our 1st CD with alt folk trio Woolly Mammoth, the incredible Bristolian songwriter Leonie Evans and the welcome return of Sheffield favourite Louis Romégoux.

29th March.
LIZ GREEN // ALABASTER DEPLUME.
Recently signed to PIAS and with daily national

press, we are well pleased to welcome Liz Green back for some blues inspired folk.

5th April.
SERIOUS SAM BARRETT // DAVID BROAD.
Some good old -fashioned fingerpicked Americana and Blues from these two Leeds-based artists currently on tour together.

26th April.
THE MISERBALE RICH.
Chamber music meets pop, and it seems everybody wants to know about it. This renowned band mix a string quartet with catchy layered vocal harmonies and guitars to make this a show not be missed.

THIS IS YOUR CITY.



■ = SHEFFIELD REAL ALE HOUSES & BREWERIES.

1. BLAKE HOTEL
2. GARDENERS REST
3. THE RIVERSIDE BAR
4. THE HARLEQUIN
5. THE RISING SUN
6. THE HARLEY
7. CADS & D.L.S.
8. 3 TUNS
9. UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD UNION
10. BUNGALOWS AND BEARS
11. CORPORATION
12. THE PLUG
13. THE RUTLAND ARMS
14. KUJI
15. THELMA'S CAFE
16. MOGUL ROOM
17. SHARROW MARROW
18. JH MANN
19. TWO STEPS
20. PORTER BOOKS
21. REGATHER
22. HARLAND CAFE
23. ABBEYDALE BREWERY
24. SHEAF VIEW
25. THE OLD SWEET SHOP

